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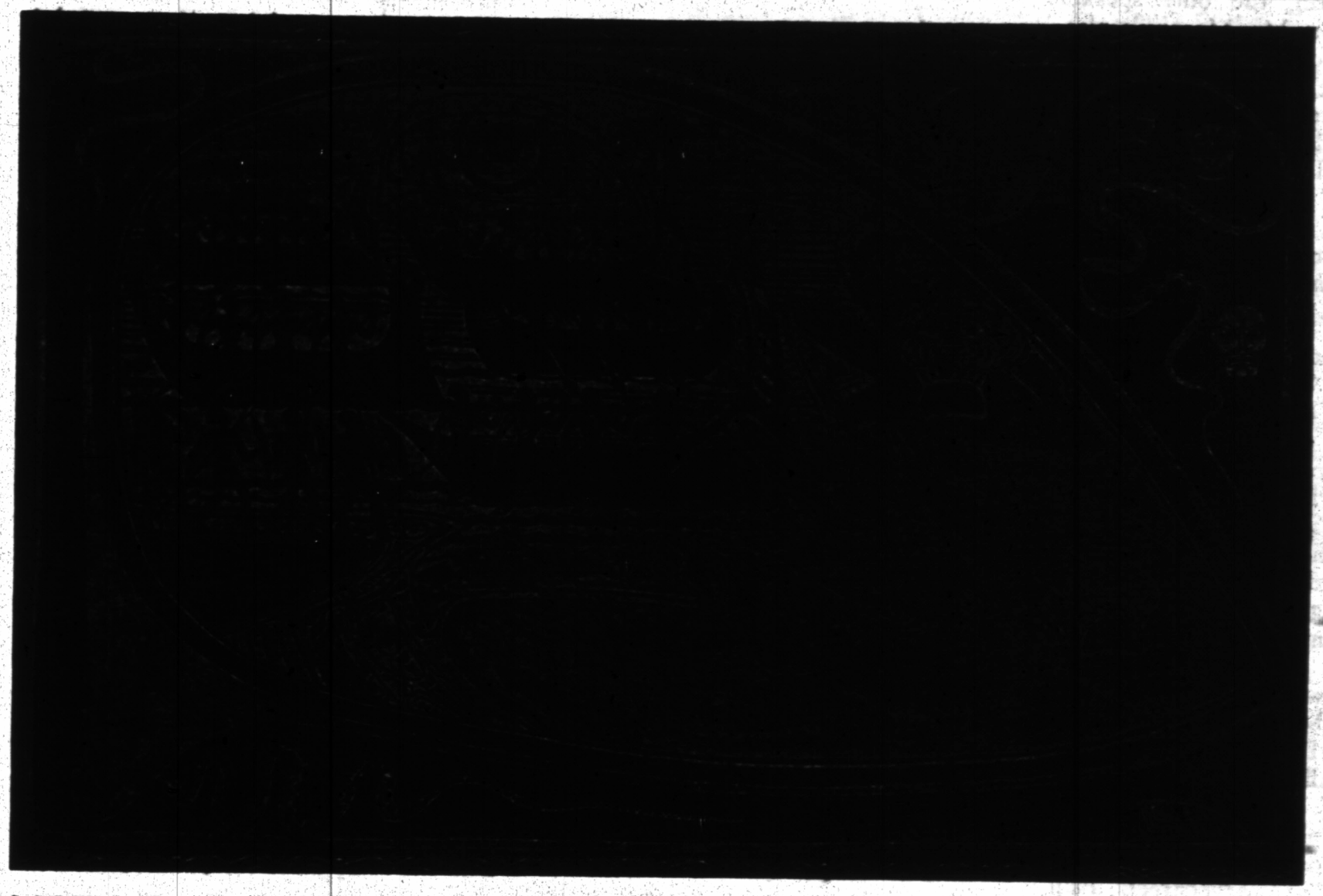
THE CARMELITE

MARCH 13, 1929 NUMBER 5



OCEANA
Louise Janin
courtesy of The Argus

MOTHER AND CHILD

Unable to face permanent separation from her little daughter Barbara Jane, Mrs. Florence Smart of North Carmelo Street last Tuesday morning chose the alternative of death for them both. When she learned that the child must return to the custody of Mrs. Collins of Pasadena, with whom she had been for eight years, living with her mother for only the last six months, Mrs. Smart asked that she be given a few moments to say goodbye. She took the child into an inner room and there shot her, probably fatally, after which she took her own life.

FOUR ARTISTS

The Kedroff Quartet, who sing here at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Friday evening of this week, in the third of the series of concerts under the auspices of the Carmel Music Society, have been heard within the week in San Francisco and Palo Alto.

There is unanimity among hearers and critics as to the superb quality of their a capella singing. These four Russians, who have sung together for many years, have perfected the relationship of four voices until they have become one,—as if their were one nervous system, one rhythm-pitched-sense, shared in unity.

They sing exquisitely the folk-songs of their people; ancient church music in the Gregorian modes, a capella. The humor of some of the folk-songs,—so report to us those who have heard them this week, —is the delicate and subtle humor of an ancient people,—with the soft, the gentled, edges we of newer countries do not know.

Here follows their program of the coming Friday's concert:

A group of Russian folk songs

A group of songs by Glazounov, Cui, Borodin

A group of Russian love songs

A group by Mozart, Strauss. In the fourth group one song is accompanied by the piano. All the rest is a capella singing,—highly virile; full of tenderness, vitality, humor.

PRIMARILY A RESIDENCE COMMUNITY

Vox Populi rose up in all its might at last week's meeting of the City Council, and became a clamorous shout. "We want no planing mills in Carmel," was the substance of its clamor, although at first it might have sounded like "We want no planing mills at our end of town. Of course as to yours, that may be another matter." But voices rose from both, from all, ends of the community. The City Ciuncil chamber was packed;

listeners stood on tiptoe crowding the doorway, the hall,—cocking their ears to learn the response of the City Council to M. J. Murphy's petition that his planing equipment be permitted to be moved from Ninth and Monte Verde to Carmel Woods, and there allowed to increase.

Eloquent protests to this petition were received, Mrs. Maud Hogle ably making the point that to re-zone in order to permit an industrial establishment at San Carlos and Junipero would fix the classification permanently, while its present existence is merely tolerated, and only temporarily, since under the present law no additions can be made to such industrial property in Carmel.

Mr. Frank Sheridan, the only speaker who rose to support Mr. Murphy's plea, found himself for once unpopular and in a minority of one. The City Council, overwhelmed, found itself facing the suspicions of good citizens, and in the end capitulated. It refused the request of Murphy. And also a similar one of Hugh Comstock. It is now officially settled that industrial establishments are non grata in Carmel, which prefers to remain primarily a residence community.

The following names were affixed to written protests: Frank Smith (letter, telegram and signed copy of latter); Thomas S. Bell as attorney for the estate of Rose g. Freeman (telegram); Louise F. Bell, Helen G. D. Freeman and Helen M. Graham, telegrams; B. W. Adams, Mary E. Buckley, Florence M. Thatcher, Helen M. Wagner, S. A. Reynolds, and Lydia Buckley Davis, letters; petitions signed by: W. L. Overstreet, B. W. Adams, Ella S. Sapp, B. L. Staniford, Amy E. Hunter, M. M. Stewart, Mary F. Stewart, L. H. Levinson, Ethel M. Cooper, Maud I. Hogle, Marian D. Shand, Helen Deusner, R. H. Hoagland, Margaret Wallace, E. A. H. Watson, H. W. Fenner, W. E. Logan, F. O. Robbins, Herbert Heron, Helena Heron, W. H. Normand, George Seideneck, J. M. Culbertson, Katherine Overstreet, Paul Mercurio, Thomas Bickle, Lydia B. Davis, Lewis Josselyn, R. A. Norton, Lynn Bramkamp, J. H. Flanner, Joseph Schoeninger, Lotta B. Shipley, F. T. Wurzman, Mrs. Philip K. Gordon, Louise W. Morton, Mary E. Bulkley, Esther A. Brown, Hazel Watrous, Harold Bragg, Mary Bragg, W. L. Koch, J. W. Claywell, Ann Dare, L. D. Whiffin, Dene Denny, Caroline Kimball, Grace R. Wasson, Mrs. C. S. Stanton, C. R. Parrott, Mrs. C. Meade, M. C. Sampson, David Alberto, Eunice Gray, Mary Newman, Dorothy Bassett, Florence Wilson, Harriet Doulton, J. L. Doulton, Katherine Corrigan, Catherine Morgan, C. H. Blackman, Olive Stout, C. Sumner Greene, Alice G. Greene, L. K. Boas, Alice R. Comins, Zanetta Catlett, Maude Arndt, Fred Leidig, Dora Hageemeyer, Paul Prince, R. A. Kocher, Betty Knight Kocher, Tommi Thomson, Kissam Johnson, Isabel A. Leidig, Elizabeth McClung White, W. Bartlett Kropf, Leon Goldstine, Elizabeth Sullivan, Esther Garrett Teare, Helen Wagner, Mrs. Alice Josselyn, Mrs. Rose Campbell, E. M. Walls.

BACKING DOWN

While the new Lincoln Inn is rising monumentally upon the site of the old, and the Leidig Building preens itself for the finishing touches, the Monte Verde Apartments modestly retire from the front to the rear of their lot at Monte Verde and Ocean, to make way for the newer generation. We beg the honorable membors of the City Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea to keep calm in the face of this dizzying march of progress. There must be some way to stop the * * thing.

Carmel News

JOHN GUNTHER TELLS US NEWS

The second Carmelite discussion-luncheon took place last Friday at the Old Cabin Inn, with forty-one guests who came to hear John Gunther speak.

It was an interesting talk. Mr. Gunther told of strange places and customs, observed by him in his travels as foreign correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. He had heard that in a valley of the Caucasus in Southern Russia lived a race of people so remote from "our" life and times that they still wear plate armor. Travelling far into the interior, he found them,—a race in all probability descended directly from the early crusaders, and preserving many of their traditions.

Others he found in a little country called Dhaghestan, speaking strange tongues unknown to their neighbors in the next valleys. These families lived, father, mother, and a herd of children, all in one windowless room to which one descended by ladder through a hole in the floor of the cow-stable.

In the capital city of Tiflis, Mr. Gunther lodged luxuriously in a seven-story hotel, —looking down from his room on the seventh floor to a procession of camels on the main street below. Coming by camel (or was it by mule?) into another valley of the hinterland, he encountered a people who had never before seen an American.

"Where do you come from?" they asked.

"From America."

"And where is that?"

"Over the sea."

"Ah, the sea. Yes, we have heard of the sea."

The impression one inevitably gathers from such descriptions of life upon the planet in the year 1929, is that our Americo-European civilization is not nearly as ubiquitous and all-embracing as our own literatures lead us to believe. We catch ourselves, when we hear for the first time of people who never heard of us, ejaculating privately, "How very backward of them,—never to have heard of us!"

Mr. Gunther's travels have put all, or much, of history before him, as though time were spread out simultaneously before him, and Fraser's Golden Bough contemporary with the industrial age.

Preceding Mr. Gunther's talk, was a discussion led by Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson, concerning the matter of the coming high school trustee election. This issue is one of the gravest importance. There are at present no women upon the Monterey Union High School Board,—and the two women whose candidacy is supported in this case are both people who have given themselves energetically, courageously, and effectively, to matters of education in the last years. Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, candidate from Carmel, is too well known through her very able work as president of the Carmel P. T. A., as member of the Sunset School Board, and as president of the Monterey P. T. A., to need introduction. Mrs. Nellie Zaches, president of the Del Monte P. T. A., is another desirable candidate.

Mrs. Dickinson stressed the point that the coming election is of especial concern since the County Unit Plan, if affirmatively acted upon this year by the legislature, may give the Monterey High School School Board control of the schools of the county. In such case the election of educationally-minded citizens to the highly-important work of school administration, is multiplied in gravity.

There is, Mrs. Dickinson said, little doubt that Mrs. Schoeninger, and Mrs. Zaches with her, will receive the vote of Carmel, which knows something of their work and value. But Messrs. Rohrback and Lacey, present trustees, of whom one has held the same office for twenty years, desire to remain in office; their campaign for continuance is under way. It is therefore important to develop public intelligence and knowledge of the bases of the issue, in Monterey and in Seaside. Much work will have to be done there.

Another luncheon speaker was Mrs. Jimmie Hopper, who told briefly of the advancement of plans for a public park in Carmel at the head of Ocean Avenue, and invited further gifts therefor. She has with her Mrs. Helen Deusner's drawing of the landscape plans, the execution of which is already under way.

A few more of such meetings, and we shall be in danger of finding ourselves a City Club.

WARREN PILLSBURY SPEAKS ON WORLD PEACE

At a meeting of the Monterey County Council of the Parent-Teacher Association held last Tuesday at Sunset School, Warren Pillsbury, San Francisco attorney, spoke on World Peace.

Mr. Pillsbury, who is a prominent member of the League of Nations Association, is not a pacifist; he does not believe in disarmament.

"Disarmament would not bring about world peace, but would leave the United States in a weak position among strong nations," said the speaker.

"We must have an army and navy which will properly protect our country." A referendum vote of the people on the question of entering a war was also declared impracticable. "In a crisis we must trust to our governing body to act for us."

That there is a solution for the problem of world peace Mr. Pillsbury firmly believes. Morever he believes that this solution is close at hand, and can be brought about through proper functioning of the League of Nations.

Diplomacy, counted upon in the past to maintain friendly relations between countries, has not brought us very far in avoiding wars. According to Mr. Pillsbury a threefold system is necessary for this achievement.

(1) Some means of developing a code of International Law.
(2) Some form of court to settle disputes.
(3) Some form of force that will keep recalcitrant nations from going to war.

"This three-fold system of law, courts and government has brought the world out to the chaos of the Middle Ages, and we must look to a similar system to bring about world peace."

The Kellogg-Briand treaties, outlawing war, Mr. Pillsbury considers a great step toward this goal. While the treaties do not provide the machinery for their enforcement, the League of Nations does. In view of these treaties the United States can never again be in a position of neutrality in case of war. The speaker pointed out the fact that this country has been dragged into practically every European war through this very doctrine of neutrality.

"Freedom of the Seas" has meant in the past freedom to carry arms to either or both contestants, and interference with this freedom has resulted in many wars for this country.

In the future, however, in view of the outlawing of war by the Kellogg- Briand treaties, the United States cannot remain neutral. The country which becomes the aggressor must be viewed as an outlaw and treated accordingly. Otherwise the treaties mean nothing. —g. m. b.

Personal Bits . . .

Social honors for the week have been somewhat evenly divided between Imre Weisshaus and the John Gunthers. The former astonished the natives by asking, before several occasions, whether it would be necessary to wear formal attire. (At this the heads of best families modestly tucked their legs in plus fours under the table.)

Mr. Weisshaus recently gave an exceedingly interesting recital, the first of its kind, at the Rudolph Schaeffer studios in San Francisco. It was a totally modern program, difficult of digestion on first hearing. The artist played every composition twice, and the resulting clarifications astounded the audience.

* * * *

For Mr. and Mrs. John Gunther the Joseph Schoeningers, whose guests they were, have given a number of parties; Anne Martin called a host together for discussion with them; the Henry Dickinsons gave a dinner; there have been trips all over the landscape; and the air round about has fairly crackled with the brilliance of the scintillations.
Unexhausted by the social tempo, the Gunthers have now passed on to bigger and better things in Los Angeles; and Carmel has put away some of its best bon mots in camphor balls until the next lion appears.

* * * *

Marcella Burke, ordered to loaf by her physicians, is in Carmel for some weeks of rest. She brings back reports of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams and their new son. Mr. Williams, author of volumes and an authority on his subject, Russia, is unashamed to exhibit the psychology and symptoms typical of a "radiant fatherhood," and gives forth beams of proud light upon the surrounding paler world.

Miss Burke reports also a relatively secondary glory in San Francisco of a charming little French theatre, giving plays of Paul Claudel in French.

Mrs. Byrd Radcliffe Whitehead has returned to Carmel, her son Peter with her. A recent issue of the New York Times contained the following letter concerning Mr. Whitehead, whose recent death followed so closely upon the loss of young Ralph at sea:

The Late Radcliffe Whitehead

To the Editor of The New York Times:

The name of Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead, who died Feb. 22 in Santa Barbara Cal., must awaken grateful echoes in the bosoms of the many artists who have been attracted to Woodstock in Ulster County, New York. Here it was that, some thirty years ago, this disciple of John Ruskin and William Morris inaugurated on the stony soil of the Catskills a social experiment that had been popular in England a decade or so earlier.

Mr. Whitehead acquired a large tract, maybe 10,000 acres, of wood and pasture, and at once commenced building picturesque homes for a prospective art colony. He started schools of pottery, wood carving, weaving, metal working, drawing, painting and dancing. His library he placed at the disposal of the students and also built for them an admirably equipped theatre and gymnasium.

Soon little Woodstock reacted to this generous impulse. Birge Harrison, America's foremost landscape artist, drew to Woodstock a large and enthusiastic following, and the farmers for miles around found their land rise in value as more and more artists made this favored valley their home.

Today Woodstock has probably 1,000 residents, as compared with a dozen or so when first known in 1900.

Mr. Whitehead was a modest and hard-working man; a man of generous ideas, a scholar of the Oxford and Cambridge type. It is to such noble pioneers that America owes the little bit of leaven that is eternally struggling to raise us above the level of mere money getters. God bless the memory of Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead as God has blessed the work he inaugurated.

—Poultney Bigelow.
Malden-on-Hudson, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1929.

THE HANDS OF IMRE WEISSHAUS

Photo by A. Kertesc, Paris courtesy of the Argus.

KEDROFF QUARTET

RUSSIAN
MALE
SINGERS

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
THIRD CONCERT OF 1929 SERIES
FRIDAY, MARCH 15 AT 8:30
THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH
TICKETS
ON SALE
TUES. MAR. 12
11 to 5 DAILY
AT THE THEATRE
$1.00 TO $2.75

THEATRE GUILD PLAYS

FIRST OF THE MONTHLY SERIES

RIDERS TO THE SEA

ALL SAINTS PARISH HOUSE

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 19th

Members twenty-five cents — Others, fifty cents

THE FEBRUARY
SAN FRANCISCAN

features "From a North African Notebook" by Kathryn Hulme

other features include
"Dreiser Looks Backward"
—by Carey McWilliams
"Bay Region Miscellany"
—by Constance Ferris
"Hollywood Talks"
—by Harry Crocker.

Now on sale at the
Seven Arts Book Shop, Carmel.
25c a copy: $2.50 a year.

CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

REPEATS

GRUMPY

A MYSTERY COMEDY

THIS SATURDAY

"Grumpy swept through four acts to a triumphant conclusion."
Peninsula Daily Herald

"Grumpy was delightful."
The Carmelite.

"...surprised at the excellence of the Abalone performance."
—Carmel Pine Cone.

SEATS $ .50 to $ 1.50
RESERVED AT THE THEATRE
AT STANIFORD'S CARMEL 150

The Theater

GRUMPY WAS DELIGHTFUL

After the long nap the drama has had in Carmel, it was a pleasant thing to make one's way through the crowded aisle of Monte Verde street, parked close with cars for the opening night of "Grumpy" at the Carmel Playhouse.

The dish was spiced with curiosity. It was a first night under Cyril Delevanti's directorship of the Abalone League Players. And Remy St. Remy was playing the leading lady to his Grumpy.

Delevanti played deliciously the part already endeared to theater-goers by Cyril Maude,—the part of a whimsical, capricious, snortingly unreasonable, and pathetically lovable, old grandfather. Delevanti played Cyril Maude playing Grumpy,—did it with the same charm, essential grace, inner gentleness, behind the transparent mask of egocentric old age. A ripple of delight passed through the audience again and again; it was affectionate laughter.

There were familiar figures on the stage, a flock of valets headed by Elliott Durham and Hans Ankersmit, and ending with Eddie O'Brien, who looked even more like Eddie O'Brien than usual. Clay Otto as the doctor had a new sartorial cut; and Louise Walcott showed a fresh versatility, as so often before. Raymond Carey made a dark foreboding villain, and was the only one of the cast who put intensity into his lovemaking. We in the audience felt more than once, with the others, the inclination to shout out through a megaphone, "More passion! A little more passion, please."

The distinction between the amateur and the professional actor was clear throughout the performance. The amateur plays with simplicity and often with sincerity, but he is afraid of intensity. The professional dares much more,—even if he has to accomplish this by affectation. Remy St. Remy played her part with savoir faire, with sophistication and wit, with the charm which artificiality sometimes has. Perhaps women do still entice by means of tricks and coquetry. But our age tends much more to develop a simpler directer behavior in women. Mlle. St. Remy will do better in a more sophisticated comedy. "Grumpy" is essentially a comedy of sentiment,—dealing with essential rather than with surface charm.

Robert Scott, who played the part of Wolfe the accomplice, is himself a director of plays. We shall see more of his work in Carmel next summer. James Dignan made his debut as Ernest, playing with not quite enough poise,—but that will come in the next play. Ivy Whitworth made a pretty Susan,—of whom also we are tempted to say that a soupcon more

of pause between words and action would have given a more compelling suspense to her part.

"Grumpy" will be repeated on Saturday evening of this week. p. g. s.

RIDERS TO THE SEA

"Riders to the Sea," Synge's Irish play, will be presented to the public by the Theatre Guild next Tuesday evening the nineteenth, the first of its series of monthly productions.

Gertrude Bardarson directs the performance, with Blanche Tolmie playing the leading part, the mother. Her Kathleen, in Herbert Heron's Forest Theatre production of an Irish play some summers ago, proved her excellence in the poetic presentation of Irish parts.

The following cast supports her:

Tommi Thomson plays Nora
Genevive Swain plays Nora
Lynn Bramkamp plays Bartley

Before the play, Miles Bain will sing two Irish numbers; coffee and cake will be served after the performance.
Admission to members of the Guild is twenty-five cents; to non-members, fifty.

AN ANCIENT ATTIC TALE

Carmel grownups have no monoply on the fun. Seventh and Eighth Grades of the Sunset School have dramatic aspirations too.

They will sing "Pandora," and play it too, at the Carmel Playhouse, on the evening of Friday, March twenty-second, under the general direction of Miss Eyre of the Music Department, aided by Miss Swain (dialog), Mr. Evans (settings and costume design) and Miss Wallace (dancing).

NEXT COMES THE GRANDSTAND

Work on the Carmel Woods ball field progresses. The latest is a granite driveway and parking space, with a culvert at the entrance. The Board of Directors expects to have the dressing rooms and showers under way within a fortnight.

HEAVY LABOR TURNOVER ON THE CARMELITE STAFF

Rita Wilson came to Carmel a month or so ago to join the Carmelite staff. She saw, was conquered.

Not only by Carmel and the Carmelite, but by one Alvin Beller, a painter of Chicago. Miss Wilson and Mr. Beller will be joined in matrimony early in the spring, and will thereafter, having travelled in the east for some months, live in Carmel, where they have already bought a house, following a whirlwind courtship.

RESTLESS TOO

The Woodside Library had always had an atmosphere of serene and unruffleable calm. Now the Wanderlust attacks it too. First it moves from Dora Hagemeyer's to the First Edition Bookshop. Everybody is happy, and the establishment flourishes like anything. (And why not? Books not to be found, even heard of, in ordinary libraries, can be rented here for five cents a day, beginning with "Ulysses.")

No sooner have we accoustomed ourselves to the idea that there are distinct reasons for crossing to the north side of Ocean, than we discover, one fine day, where the Library was, just an empty room. It has flitted again.

This time to Dolores, next to Frank the jeweler's!

If the Woodside Library should ever be in search of a name, may we suggest The Bird on the Wing, or else the Flying Pegasus, either bearing on its crest the motto, "Here today and gone tomorrow."

"DOERS"

There stopped for a short time this week in Carmel Dr. Philip Lovell of Los Angeles. Dr. Lovell has for some time been doing a useful thing. As author and director of the department of The Care of the Body, a section of the Los Angeles Sunday Times, he has vigorously promoted all sorts of unpopular ideas,—but he is doing it successfully.

Mrs. Lovell was one of those who several years ago initiated and directed a little nursery school in a beautiful garden. The children worked, danced, sang, and played out of doors all morning, almost naked, in the sun. Their bodies were brown and free. Unhampered by cluttering shoes they were like leaping deer on the hillsides.

When later on the children were ready for further education, and there was no school in Los Angeles in which children might remain free, radiant, and creative, Mrs. Lovell again participated in the undertaking of a school

This school is now in its second year.

* * * *

ADD RASPBERRIES

"That's all applesauce," said Stanley Wood. And everybody at the party at the Ray Boyntons' stopped talking to listen.

"What's apple-sauce?" they simply must know.

"Why, waiting for the creative urge to come before you start paintin'."

"That's what Ray says," thereupon expounded that excellent painter's wife. "If you wait to paint until the creative urge comes, you'll never paint."

Young artists, authors, and others of the tribe, please note.

STUDEBAKER

LETTERS:

Dear Amy—

You know, amy, how folks like to walk in Carmel. This week it jest rained scrambled aligaters and bull frogs all week and they were all wantin an automobil. How we did sell used cars.

There aint nothin finer, amy, than a brisk walk along the lanes of the little village in the early mornin jest as the sun comes up but if the sun dont come up and old Jupe Pluvius pours out the whole contents of the heavens its better to be riding up to the shop in one of our reconditioned used cars.

Its a long way from The Point or Hatton Fields to the shop in such wet weather and folks are findin it out.

Good nite Amy,
Stude Baker.

STUDEBAKER
SALES
CARMEL 695

AUCTION SALE

Furniture, Art Goods, and Ornaments at

F. A. CLARK'S
FURNITURE STORE
STUDIO BUILDING
DOLORES STREET

Saturday
March 16th
1:00 P. M. Sharp

J. C. GREENWALD and
W. R. LA PORTE
AUCTIONEERS

A GIFT

ON SATURDAY OF THIS WEEK
WE WILL GIVE ABSOLUTELY
FREE

A PIECE OF BEAUTIFUL
CONSTANCE STERLING SILVERWARE
WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF $5.00 OR MORE

M. L. WHEATON
THE PENINSULA JEWELER
418 ALVARADO STREET MONTEREY

THE SLIP IN
is now the
DOLORES INN
meals as usual
DOLORES NEAR SEVENTH

SALLY SERVES
a fifty-cent plate lunch,
tea
cakes made to order
Dolores opposite the Post Office

THE
CARMELITE
has the honor to announce a
special issue on
CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE
OF THE
PACIFIC COAST
with illustrative articles by the creative leaders of this period. Richly illustrated and distinguished in design.

The cost, twenty cents a copy.
To subscribers, no extra charge.

To the Carmelite, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California:
Please enter the following subscription, beginning with the special issue on CONTEMPORARY ARCHITECTURE OF THE PACIFIC COAST
name :
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Send copies, for which I enclose funds, of this issue to those whose names are enclosed:

The Arts . . .

WE ASK FOR MORE

The Exhibit of Modern Decorative Arts has just closed in San Francisco.

Like the recent modern exhibit at Hale's, and the similar one at Bullock's in Los Angeles, it will probably strongly influence future interior design in this part of the world. Certainly these exhibits are important. They serve to close a historical epoch and open a new one.

The Hale exhibit stood for the best that industry is doing, and was beautifully sembled by Rudolph Schaffer. The present exhibit was also the work of Schaeffer; but inasmuch as he had much completer authority, it was more organically the work of an individual, a decorative composition whose design elements he had chosen.

The strong tendency of the arts in our age to simplify was of course shown throughout the exhibit, from the cool quiet room interiors,—the bedroom, the breakfast nook by Emma Waldvogel,—to the photographs (by Roger Sturtevant) of architecture by Garren of Berkeley.

There were wall hangings, furniture, textiles, and decorative objects. It was startling to discover that in the ten years since the decorative arts in California have come under the influence of Ralph Johonnot, decoration itself has passed off the wall and into the past. Or so it tends. Charmingly as the birds and whimsical whirligigs disport themselves on the screen of Johonnot shown in this exhibit, we look upon it with a stirring of inner protest against their continuance. Our over-rich life demands the bare wall, the unessential curve and curlicew banished. Moses, partly by way of Johonnot and Emma Waldvogel, has led us to the mountain top from which we survey the future; and suddenly we are able to protests against taking further any baggage at all of the non-essential. Design stripped to the essential, the functional, we now ask. This modern exhibit is not quite modern enough. The eventual design of our age will be found, we prophesy, purely in the proportions, the spacing, the essential lines, of useful objects.

TAPESTRIES

An exhibition of ancient tapestries of great historic interest is being held in the Hotel Del Monte this week under the direction of Mr. J. R. Herter of New York and Paris. It includes several rare sixteeenth and seventeenth century weavings by Flemish masters,—among them The Boar's Hunt, Psyche and Cupid, Jesus in the Cornfield.

From Rudolph Schaeffer's arrangement of the San Francisco exhibit of Modern Decorative Arts.

Courtesy of The Argus.

THE WESTON EHXIBIT

Palely lighted as is the foyer of the Carmel Playhouse, and small the exhibit, the showing of the photographic work of Edward Weston there this week is an indication of the distinction of his work. These are mostly portraits. The artist has in each case caught his subject at a vital moment, or he has captured that mood, that posture (gesture or facial expression, shades of Orage!) which is the Nth degree expression of himself. Fortunate the father who has a way, as Weston has, to capture the beauty he finds in his own sons. He has captured young Brett (who is here with his father, and is himself a photographic artist of startling promise) in a moment of power and radiance. And the ten-year-old Cole, still in the period of freckled noses, he has caught all wistful, remote, turned within himself,—young boyhood made immortal.

END OF THE NEW YORK THEATRE?

The collapse of the theatre as an institution in New York City is one of the peculiar facts of this season; and in the crash of the catastrophe forty plays have been withdrawn from the stage in four weeks. Three costly musical shows ran for less than a month each, and a fourth ran for less than a fortnight.

Why, ask the producers and managers, and the Actors' Equity Association?

"Partly," answers Mr. St. John Irvine, come over from London where the theatre has already declined, to study the situation in New York,—"by high prices of admission, partly by the grossness and fatuity of the plays performed, and partly by the attempt on the part of the managers to impose upon the decent, educated, and middle people of the United States tastes for which they were not inclined, exactly as the same class has been driven out of the theatre in England. While the managers were preparing for the production of their smart-smutty plays (the authors of one of them have been named 'the latrine dramatists') the public was preparing to stay away from them in great numbers."

Is it after all possible that the producers of the worlds' pleasure and leisure-commodities,—plays, newspapers, radios, movies,—are to any degree at all incorrect in their estimate of what the public wants?

The picture of that want has so far included a high per cent of sexuality, seasoned with satire and sweetened with sentimentality; but the public seems now to be suffering from nausea due to an overdose.

Maurice Brown's play Wings over Europe,—one of the four or five successful plays of the New York season, done by the Theatre Guild,—hasn't a woman in it. Can it be that the sexual stimulus on the stage has been over-played; that the theatre-going public in New York is suffering from a sort of local anaesthesia from over-stimulations?

HYDE'S LANDSCAPE SERVICE

We offer free service in suggesting suitable plans for home gardens and are preparing to make complete plantings.

Ask for our Landscape Folder.

ORNAMENTALS:

Finest collection of ornamental shrubs trees, plants, roses, etc., in this section of California, now ready. Plant early and get the full benefit of the winter rains.

NURSERY STOCK:

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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

WE MUST ELECT THESE TWO

The wish of those supporting the candidacies at the election of March twentieth of Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger and Mrs. Nellie Zaches for High School trustee, that only the positive side of their campaign be stressed, somewhat cramps the style of this editor, who would prefer to make vigorous sallies into the camp of the other side,—to show, in accordance with burning editorial conviction, the perfidy, the procrastination, and the unfitness of the estimable gentlemen now sitting on this board, by contrast with the proven educator-mindedness, the finely focussed ability, of the able women we propose to fill their places.

The difference between the board as it now is, and the board enriched by the personnel we propose, is as the difference between a school operated for commercial profit, and one operated for the sake of education itself; that is, for the children. You know which kind of a school you are in perhaps the moment you enter the classroom. The motive underlying the administration totally affects the spirit.

This editor maintains that business men whose basic concern is the making of profits are psychologically unfitted, frequently or usually, to think purely in terms of education. "How much does it cost, and can we get it for less?" is their concern. Or, perhaps even "What do we get out of this eternal sitting on a Board?"

The women whose candidacies we endorse have been more directly concerned with education itself. One of them has herself been teaching, working out problems in education in practical terms. Both of them have given the last years to the study of the theory, the practice, the application, of the very best principles of education. Their concern is with the children, with the kind of human beings the schools are going to make of them.

Quite independently of matters of personal fitness, would you rather a Board of High School trustees were made up entirely of business men; or would you prefer to include an intelligent mother or two doing her maternal job well, whose professional focus is upon providing the best possible educational environment for the adolescent turning toward manhood and womanhood?

This editor does not hesitate to state that a meeting of the present Board of Trustees of the Monterey High School has sometimes felt much like a meeting of politicians. It is immoral, it is indecent, that political motivations should enter into the field of education. The courage and sincerity, on the other hand, of the two candidates we propose, is unquestionable. Since Mrs. Schoeninger's influence has been felt on the Board of the Sunset School, changes have come about in that school which are clearly reflected in a freer, happier, and more creative spirit throughout the school; in faculty choices which have wrought a palpable enriching of the lives of these children.

We suspect that if Mrs. Schoeninger and Mrs. Zaches are elected to the Board of the Monterey Union High School, which the adolescents of Carmel attend, changes similar in quality will be possible in the High School.

And much, and much, and much, are they needed.

ARCHITECTURAL CONTROL AGAIN

Eventually we shall certainly have to consider seriously this matter of architectural control in Carmel. We already know that one billboard may disfigure a whole landscape. Why do we not then also know that one service station of the standard American type may also disfigure a town? Go down to Hollywood and see the revolving domes and observe the Richfield radio towers.

Carmel's intention is to build itself after different patterns. It chooses not to be a typical American town. It is made up of a population which has fled from urban standardization,—which is willing to surrender much of urban comfort and convenience in order to keep the individuality of persons.

This does most certainly not mean that we need a Board of Architectural Control to insist that we build artily. The danger of a town wishing to preserve individuality in the midst of standardization, is just this tendency to become arty.

Yet we need somehow to protect ourselves against the typical service station, the Hollywood-style shop-front (all front and no back, the architecture of pretense) and shall probably eventually need to ward off also the over-ornate. (It is already creeping into Monterey on a big new building just going up) which demoralizes the architecture of a town.

Well are we aware that Architectural Control is no unmixed blessing. The crucial need is to select for such a body, a group of men of the highest caliber,—men of superb imagination, as well as of practical good sense. What such a Board could do in either direction,—good or evil,—for a town, is comparable only to what a Board of Education can do or undo. The history and the future of a town are in the hands of such groups. If we can find the right men, the right minds, to undertake this matter of architectural control. . .

The other alternative, is to let the town grow up planlessly, spontaneously. There is something to be said for that way too,—or there would be if there were such a thing as developed and trustworthy popular taste among us. We may as well be honest,—there isn't in us that quality of taste which makes the old-world, the French, the German, the little Swiss villages. See what spontaneous growth has brought forth in Europe; and then take a look up and down our own coast. If Salinas, Pismo, San Luis Obispo, illustrate spontaneous American growth,—then let us build and plan differently.

Santa Barbara does develop under architecural control. We may not want to build a town in pseudo-Spanish; but we must admit in Santa Barbara a charm due to the development there of a community feeling for architecture, an accomplished desire to build building in organic and social relation to each other. Through architectural control the city of Santa Barbara has become organic to the eye.

Correspondence

To the editor:

Mrs. Porter's favorable comparison of Carmel's dramatic activities with those of Paris quoted in last week's Carmelite, astonishes.

Here we do not use our faces and hands. The Parisian stage has developed movement and gesture to a high degree.

In Paris the greatest care is given to

diction and the musical use of the speaking voice. Our habitual stage pronounciation is such that illusion is impossible.

"Whence do I come? Where was I born?" interrogated one actor, summers ago, from the stage of the Forest Theatre, in Carmel, in acutely American accents. Audibly the answer came from a sufferer in the audience, "Well, my guess is Ioway."

To the editor:

Current newspaper reports of criticism of Carmel's original zoning ordinance have been incorrectly labelling this "the Aronovici ordinance." The original ordinance was framed by a group of laymen of Carmel. The mistake in title may be due to the fact that Dr. Arnovici gave a series of lectures on City Planning at the Golden Bough at the time when the ordinance was agitating the minds of its makers.

The recent commentary that "you can drive a caterpillar tractor through Carmel's present zoning ordinance" may be correct; but a certain amount of flexibility is desirable. Our own City Attorney will agree that the regulations we make do not so much matter; it is the regulations we decide to follow among those made. The Kellogg pact itself is subject to wide variations of interpretation. Our zoning ordinance in Carmel should at least be flexible enough to allow for the changes which the growth of the future inevitably requires. Make it too watertight and you will find it cracking at the seams. f. b.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ISSUE

The special issue of the Carmelite on Contemporary Architecuture of the Pacific Coast will be ready for publication very shortly. It will indicate the outstanding architectural accomplishments of recent years upon the coast,—illustrate these, together with contemporary work in interior design, and publish discussions by the initiators of the new architecture, concerning its direction, its social and economic significance, its bases. The editor is supported in this selective undertaking by a distinguished body of artists and architects who are a dynamic part of contemporary life. The issue will reach the leaders in architecture in Europe, in Japan; as well as those in California and else where in the United States who recognize in the architecture of any period a key with which to interpret that period.

One distinguishing and interesting feature of the architectural issue will be its use of advertising as a medium of design. Each page or pair of pages will be used by an artist as if it were an architectural work, whose materials are the blacks and whites of words and spaces. The name of the designer will head each page.

WOMAN IN PURSUIT

There comes a complaint from the men of our generation. "Women pursue us too much," they confess, "We want to be left alone a little." The truth being, that since woman has obtained her social and economic freedom, and since she has begun to admit to herself and the world her obvious biological needs (It was once incorrect to admit the existence of a feminine sexual necessity equivalent to man's) she is perhaps a trifle overdoing things. "Women have so little self-control," one hears said nowadays, and from the very sex which was formerly in that respect considered inferior.

It is evident that the matriarchate is upon us; that woman henceforth becomes to a greater degree the aggressor, the pursuer, the dominator. This tendency is peculiarly reenforced also by the parallel tendency on the part of the family to break up (Who will facetiously proclaim one the cause of the other?) so that the mother must provide the paternal factors of protection and economic support also. To what an extent this entrance of woman into business life has deprived her of feminine softness, has boiled her hard, and required of her that she acquire aggressive characteristics, we shall be better able to measure a hundred years from now.

Meantime, the recoiling victim of her ardent pursuit, man is increasingly likely to develop the psychology of the pursued. The shy young artist knows that a dozen ladies await his response to their beckoning, and are ready to bestow therewith the funds and the publicity which translate art into success.

Amazing are the tales men tell of the agility they must display to evade the ardors and the pursuits of the modern woman. Conquest has become too easy. Impatience thwarts the long slow growth between two human beings of the deeper understanding called love.

In the end, after our generation has proven its point, and practiced sexual freedom to the limit, isn't it likely that we shall return to a preference for sexual patience, —even, for the sake of quality in human relationships, to a relative continence?

Poems . . .

ONCE MORE LOVE

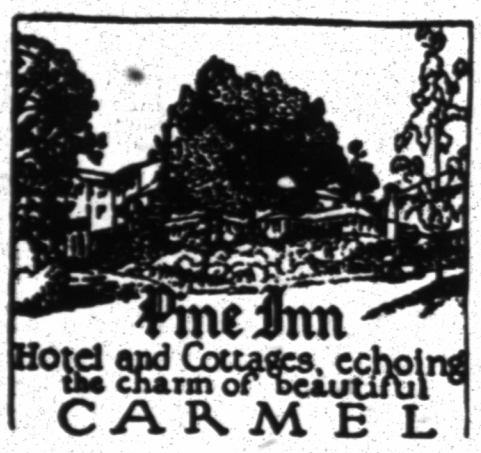
I, being new-born from pain, healed and swift with laughter,
Met again the god, stood again by the shaken sea, knew
Eyes only sharpened to beauty, flesh only
More tender for disaster.
O, there is no hope, no hope, no hope, let
Dream of hope fall from you . . . who once
Stand dazed by this voice, look on this drowning water.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

BECAUSE I KNOW

Because I know that death could conquer me.
Suddenly, in a moment, at a touch,
I ponder less on immortality.
Time rounds the sky ahead; there is not much
To say; but all the earth's beloved beauty
Becomes a precious and sufficient thing.
To love the day that goes is the whole duty
Left to my heart,—to love the day, and sing
For the day's sake and the great joy thereof.
If death should speak a word, the dust might cover
My singing heart forever, and my love
Forever, and the light go with the lover.
But noon sleeps in the sky, time holds his breath,
For this hour, radiant on the edge of death.

—Ellen Janson Browne.



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World News

FAMINE IN CHINA

There is acute need for emergency relief in a famine covering nine provinces of Northern China. The International Chinese Famine Relief Commission of Peking, composed of Chinese and foreign citizens, states that a conservative estimate of the destitute and starving is somewhere about 20,000,000, and seasoned observers are beginning to compare existing conditions with China's great famine disaster of 1877, when 8,000,000 human beings died of starvation.

As early as November cables from Tientsin began to tell the famine story with the first snows, and late cables received by the China Relief Fund in New York City (208 East 42nd Street) tell of the stream of refugees into more fertile Manchuria.

The spring crops are now the hope of China. Until then, there must be either relief from the outside world, or a terrific toll of death by starvation and the plague. A thousand tons of grain are on their way from Manchuria, and the China Famine Relief Commission asks for ten million dollars immediately.

IMMORTAL WORDS

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will some day wear a crown. Because of this future his utterances have a gilded significance. The Prince recently deferred his social engagements to make a visit to the coal mines of England, of which he had heard tales. The mines and the living conditions of the miners were actually as they had been described. Whole families living in one room, having to take turns sleeping by day and by night, since there was only one bed. Everywhere, squalor, misery, gaunt poverty.

Into one of these houses the royal prince went. Upstairs there was a cripple, permanently injured in an industrial preventable accident.

The prince was sad, o so sad, at this. (Should princes really know about coal mines?)

The whole world seemed to be listening to what the prince would say to all this.

He said it. Turning to the permanent cripple, he spoke.
"You must hurry and get strong and well," said the prince.

* * * *

(Cannot some university hasten to give His Royal Highness an honorary degree in Economics to make up for the deficiency?)

FROM CARROLL CHILTON IN GENEVA

My instinct in coming to Geneva was a sound one. It is a place of surprising attractions. There are nearly 400 international societies here, beginning with the League of Nations, and ending with the latest-formed, L'Institut C. B. Chilton pour la Musique et Danse.

This city is a true Intellectual Capital of Man. The place fairly pullulates with people of large ideas. Any one you meet is likely to hand you a circular of a society for world peace and generally for cosmical peace as well! I am stopping at La Residence, which is a sort of palatial pension. I sit beside Bernard Shaw and Count Apponyi daily and there are all sorts of distinguished guests arriving and departing day by day. (Did you hear the story of the young lady who asked Shaw whether, when he retires for the night, he puts his beard inside or outside the covers? "Come and see," he replied!)

Geneva itself has distinguished beauties. In the first place it is a bower of trees, and immense trees at that. It is worth coming eight thousand miles (as I did to see Keyserling, the Sequoia of thinkers!) merely to see the Rhone—with its crystal-clear, greenish waters—rushing breathlessly through the town. The summer sun melts the glaciers and the waters start on their way to the sea. At first they are milky in color, but they lose this as they proceed towards the sea and finally when they reach Lake Geneva and the Rhone, they are crystal clear. I am reminded of Schopenhauer's observation, that the torrent flows because it has a passionate will to get to the sea.

I spend every morning at my desk, working at my Keyserling book. It looks as if I were destined to become his Boswell. It is the most exciting thing I have ever attempted. To me the writings of Keyserling are an incessant flood of novel intellectual forms, which compel the reader to think and grow even while he reads. One reader remarked that "Europe" was slow reading because "there is a thought in every sentence." Another, a writer, remarked: "Every sentence is an epigram." I believe I could write ten books on Keyserling without stopping, indeed without going outside of creative "Perception" and "Widergeburt," which (with "The World in the Making") constitute members of a trilogy which everyone must know who hopes at all to understand the School of Wisdom. So far only the first exists in England, but the others are in course of preparation by Harper and Brothers.

I visited recently the Fete des Traditions at Sierre in the Canton du Valais. Each town and commune had its special dances, costumes and songs, of an unaffected naturalness and simplicity to touch the heart. It was a large open-air pageant. There was a procession of peasants bear-

ing the implements of agriculture, harvesting, cheese-making, wine-making, with baskets of flowers, fruits, nuts and vegetables, accompanied by animals—cows, sheep, goats and dogs,—a regular Pan-Athenaic procession, such as we have seen in Greek friezes. The sheep were attended by tiny boy shepherds, dressed cap-a-pie, with horns slung over their shoulders, staff and water-bottle.

The dancing was fine, but the singing left something to be desired. It was only when they returned to the cafes at Sierre, after the show was over, that we had the flower of their art. I made friends all around and joined in the dancing and singing. I did not know before that Yodling on its native ground is a thing of surpassing beauty. And thing, this is only one Canton, in one small country! In August last year they held the Fete des Vignerons, which, from all accounts, far surpassed the Fete des Traditions. All over Europe the vestiges of ancient life and character may still be observed in all their purity.

Certainly Geneva is the most inspiring place I have ever visited. The atmosphere of large ideas and comprehensive plans for world betterment is, for me, the most congenial that could be imagined. The air fairly vibrates with projects for intellectual and artistic co-operation and world unity in all its phases. I have been asked to participate in many of these movements, and even my philosophic studies fit neatly into these plans.

CHRIST'S VESPERS

By Ivan Shmelev

I read in the papers "Saturday January 29th, at seven in the evening N. N. Kedroff's quartet will sing the Vesper Service in the Boy's Home, Chavel, rue Malo."

I love the Vesper Service. It rounds out the day and quiets strife and passion. You come to the church, stand in a half dark corner and there the quiet singing brings peace after the sadness and weariness of the day, soothing the soul. And you feel beyond this tumultuous, little, and perhaps bitter life, there is another and brighter one—God's life.

And so I went. It was a black, black autumn evening—it is autumn here all winter. The train from Sevres ran along the heights. I looked out of the window and what darkness! Somewhere there in the darkness is Chavel and rue Mulson. Here some of our lads have recently been given a roof and care—poor young Russia! A good work has been started. I looked out of the window into the black valley and town where the lights were dimly, softy twinkling through the rain. A darkness that was foreign, and here somewhere was to be a Vesper Service, and a magnificent Russian quartet was to sing to Russian children. The quartet was even now somewhere moving along in the darkness towards Chavel. How it grips one's

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heart!

I remember those four warm-hearted, modest Russian men. They have been singing all the past days in London—in Berlin—in Madrid—Geneva—Paris—in Brussels, they are going to America and Australia. They have sung before kings and lords, they have sung to the great of this world—in palaces, in luxurious halls and in the salons of the multimillionaires, in cathedrals and under the open sky, to tens and hundreds of thousands of the most brilliant audiences, charming all with the magic of Russian music sung with the soul of Russia. And now they are somewhere in this pitch darkness, hunting for a Russian Boys' Home to sing the Vesper Service—to children . . . Here at last is Chavel. Beyond the station only darkness and mud. It reminds me of some backwoods' station in Russia. Rotten fences run down the hill. One's feet slip or stick in mud. Where can rue Mulso be? Someone strides splashing heavily behind me; a dim gas jet gives out a faint light as in some of our out-of-the-way country towns.

"It is said that the Kedroffs sing here tonight?" "But they are in Chatliet tonight giving a concert."—"That makes no difference, once they promise they will be here." We enter. Within the portico are boys, half-grown, in jackets and collars and neckties,—Europe. But the faces are ours. The room is crowded. It is past seven. Father Spassky has already arrived from Paris. But the quartet has not come. It is quite natural. They have a matinee today, the famous Colonne Concert in Chatliet. They promised to come straight from there. Encores have probably delayed them.—Half past seven. The room is crowded. From Chavel people have come. From Versailles and Paris.

And here is where the service is to be held. A room with three windows. Along the farthest end of a platform. Above, on Russian ribbon, "God save Russia," golden words on purple background. An ancient dark Ikon of St. Nicholas, "the miracle worker,"—three hundred years old! Small lamps flicker dimly. Here it is—a Russian movable church of the poor on a French wayside road.

. . . From beyond the windows, dark as if covered with charcoal, one can hear the rumbling of the Paris-Versailles train. The lights in the lamps fficker—the only sign of life or movement. The dark Ikon lights up and fades—lights up and fades. The boys stand in rows. . . Ah! the quartet! Here straight from Chavel and their concert. A deep serious bass voice is heard. A broad-shouldered massive figure: N. N. Kedroff, himself, the leader and head. With him—his brother, K. N. Kedroff, I. K. Denisoff, and T. F. Kasakoff. Names covered with glory, the gifts of Russia! Four of them: a quartet. From a journey, from darkness, from rain. As fresh as they should be from that brilliant concert in Chavel. Snow white collars and fronts, evening clothes. And the faces? Well . . . our faces!
The face from the Iron looks down upon them, from under the ribbon—golden words, "God Save Russia." Four of them, close together. They get up. I look at them and think. They have come, these splendid men of ours, leaving the brilliant audience to come to this poor room. . . The service begins. I stand in the corner and listen.—Our Vesper Service—Russia. . . . Moscow, in the cathedral . . . Novgorod . . . Kiev. . . The hymn goes on, "Thou Shalt Renew Thy Youth Like the Eagle." I hear the strain from far away Moscow—far, far away!

I open my eyes. What poverty, what simplicity! The dull lights, the boys against the dark windows. Homeless. . . At present rue Mulso, but what follows? . . . The quartet pours out its gentle strain and one's heart is raised. . . The Vesper Service continues. The gospel lesson from St. John. Christ appeared to his disciples . . . and they knew him—"It is Christ"—My heart swells to bursting. What is happening? I see the boys standing in silence with reverently bowed heads, the black windows, and outside an impassable road. "And none of his disciples dared ask him, who art thou?—Knowing it was the Lord." . . . It was no longer singing—it was a sweet low tender whisper, a communion with Christ. He is here in this room in the village by the wayside.

They felt it themselves, our sweet singers. They sought Christ himself who had come to these children by the roadside in foreign Chavel and He spoke to them as he did to the other children long, long ago by the shores of Tiberias. He spoke now to these homeless children in an unknown room by the wayside.

I was at Christ's own Vespers.—It was a miracle.—The Lord's soul touched me in those sublime strains and what those singers felt, what I and all the others in the room felt was expressed by Father George as he lifted high the life-giving cross, saying "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way? He has come to you children, to whom else would he come?"

But can one describe the indescribable? It is in the heart—a throbbing—a movement.

Extract from an article printed in the Russian "La Renaisance," Paris, February 20, 1927.

My candle burns at both ends.
It will not last the night.
But o my foes, and ah my friends,
It gives a lovely light.
—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Books . . .

HIGH-PRESSURE SALVATION

Evangelized America, by Grover C. Loud. (Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press.) $4.00.

Here are brief accounts of the lives and times of the outstanding professional American revivalists from Jonathan Edwards to Aimee Semple McPherson.

The parishioners of Jonathan Edwards the author tells us, indicated by their actions that they were chiefly of the former type. In preaching to them, Edwards "spoke little about heaven, cared nothing for this world, but he certainly knew his hell." He preached predestination pure and undefiled. He expected much of the elect. He said that under certain circumstances parents in heaven "will sing hallelujas as they see their children driven into the flames where they are to lie roasting forever."

The original money-making evangelist was Moody. Great wealth came to him unsought and was spent freely to further his work and to found religious and educational institutions. Although he made millions, he died worth less than five hundred dollars.

B. Fay Mills was the first to organize upon a money-getting basis. His sincerity may not be impugned however, since at the height of his popularity and success he lost interest in hell and retired from the field to take up less emotional and less remunerative religious work.

J. Wilbur Chapman learned much about financial organization from his friend Mills. Also he added some money-making improvements of his own. Later he tutored Billy Sunday who in his turn brought to its highest peak of perfection the technique of high-pressure, money-getting revivalism. Even the work of Aimee Semple McPherson pales before his financial achievements. The author is inclined to suspect that the ex-ball-player has amassed a fortune of perhaps ten million of dollars. That is a high mark to shoot at.

We are told that revivalism usually has been based upon the fear of hell. During the early part of the 19th Century indeed, the Universalists often received more thorough-going condemnation than the atheists. Now-a-days however, with changing times and circumstances, the places formerly held by fear, punishment and hysteria are being usurped by joy, love of God and—let us hope—love of neighbor.

—George A. Briggs.

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The Youngest Set

The Jeffers were on the beach in their bathing suits. The poet started into the water with the twins Garth and Donnan, holding one by either hand.

Their mother watched them from the shore.

On they went, the water arriving at the boys' middles, to their armpits, no halting; and finally to their chins.

At this their mother screamed, and at last they came back to the shore.

"But why," she asked Garth, "didn't you tell your father?"

"Mother, but he had **that** look on his face."

* * * *

Comment upon marriage as exemplified by the older generation: "Muvver, I heard Grandmuvver and Grandfavver talking together and they sounded just like doves."

WHY THE EDITOR LAUGHED

Silk hats are still worn at weddings in New York.

* * * *

Advertisements of apartment hotels in the New Yorker make much of what they call "an impeccable address." Park Avenue for instance. On the other hand, if you live let us say merely at 537 West 137th Street, you should be a bit worried. It is not socially quite as correct. A lot of people in New York take these differences seriously.

* * * *

Why the copy was late:

There were still ten columns of copy to write before nine o'clock in the morning. The editor set the alarm clock for three a. m. in order to complete the job, and lay staring wide awake the rest of the night in dread anticipation.

The alarm forgot to go off.

POME

we have our host of realtors trained
they do not laugh at all
when solemnly the dear souls say
"we want our village small"

after the rain the cars may strain
to make the steep ascent
then leaping roadway canyons snort
"we want no pavament"

"what?" cries a guest "no commerce club
no rotaries kiwanis?"
"go back" we plead "where you belong
and leave in peace these valleys"

chorus: we want our village small
we want our village small
the wheels of progress shriek like hell to us
we want our village small

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at the
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